An angrie arme against his minister.
Duch. Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?
Gaunt. To God, the Widowes Champion and defence.
Duch. Why then I will: farewell old Gaunt,
Thou goest to Couentry, there to behold
Our Coosin Herford and fell Mowbray fight.
O set my husbands wronges on Herfords Speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breast.
Or if misfortune misse the first carrier,
Be Mowbraies sinnes so heauie in his bosome,
That they may breake his foming Coursers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the listes,
A catiue recreant to my Coosin Herford.
Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife,
With her companion, griefe must end her life,
Gaunt. Sister farewell, I must to Couentrie:
As much good stay with thee, as goe with me.
Duch. Yet one word more; griefe boundeth where it falles
Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight:
I take my leaue before I haue begunne,
For sorrow endes not when it seemeth done:
Commende me to my brother Edmund Yorke;
Loe this is all: nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly goe,
I shall remember more: Bidd him; ah what?
With all good speed at Plashie visit me.
Alacke and what shall good old Yorke there see,
But emptie Lodgings and vnfurnisht Walles,
Vnpeopled Offices, vntrodden Stones;
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where;
Desolate, desolate will I hence and die:
The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lord Marshall and the Duke Aumerle.
Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Kerford armde?
Aum. Yea at all poyntes, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke sprightfully and bold,
Staies but the summons of the appellants trumpet.
Aum. Why then the Champions are prepard, and stay
For no thing but his Maiesties approach.

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they are set, enter the Duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.
King. Marshall demaund of yonder Champion,
The cause of his ariuall here in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.
Mar. In Gods name and the Kinges, say who thou art,
And why thou commest thus Knightly clad in armes?
Against what man thou comst, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truely on thy Knighthood, and thy oth,
As so defend thee heauen and thy valour.
Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, D. of Norfolke,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a Knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prooue him in defending of my selfe,
A Traitour to my God, my King, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

The Trumpets sound, enter Duke of Herford appellant in armour
King. Marshall aske yonder Knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither
Thus plated in habillements of Warre,
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name, & wherefore comst thou hither,
Before King *Richard* in his royall lists?
Against whom comes thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee Heauen.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22310) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.43) Octavo